THE EMERALD

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ORIGINAL.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE RIVAL HARPS....A SWISS TALE.

BY THE WANDERER.—PART IV.

"O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable."
—— *Romeo and Juliet.*

After the victory at the bloody pass of Underwalden, the invading army advanced rapidly towards Stantz, carrying plunder and blood-shed with it. Consternation spread through the streets of the ill-fated city, as the setting sun glanced with awful majesty upon the arms of the conquering foe. The heavy thunder of the French cannonry, fell upon the ears of the unhappy inhabitants like a voice of death; and, in despair, they resigned themselves to their fate. The destructive rockets of the enemy, reached their mark, and devastating flames spread from house to house, rolling in giant columns along the midnight sky. The shrieks of the dying, mingled with the falling of huge fabrics, and the clang of arms, the bold resistance of a few desperate Swiss, and the flying of men, women and children, presented a picture which defies the power of description; Stantz became a prey to flames, and beneath its ruins were buried the liberties of Switzerland!

Henrich awoke from his trance. He did not lay upon the battle ground—the curtained couch, the cheerful hearth, were all new to him: he essayed to collect his scattered senses. From his pillow he beheld the smoking ruins of Stantz; the wolves of France were still preying upon their victims, and he sighed heavily as the distant cries of the flying people fell faintly upon his ear. "I live to die alone," said the young soldier to himself. "Unhappy Switzerland! you burning pyre is the last prey for the ambitious tyrant. It is over—would that I had perished with my gallant countrymen!" He closed his aching eyes upon the blood-curdling sight, and endeavoured to sleep. Soon he was awakened, from a worried slumber, by the soft tones of a harp, accompanied by a female voice.

Soldier, sleep—the fight is done,
Mute the trumpet, mute the drum;
Let the lions still rage on,
Switzerland is still thy home.

Soldier, thou must fight no more,
Thou hast done thy part too well;
Let the Gallic lion roar,
Round the wretched land of Tell.

Heroes on the field lay dead,
But their names shall ever dwell
Deep in those for whom they bled,
Deep in those for whom they fell.

Death no terrors hath for thee,
Grief no limits hath in us;
Oh! 'tis glorious to be
Worshipp'd by thy country thus!

Live, O live for Switzerland,
Freedom's star may shine again;
And the patriot's sinew'd hand
May strike off the galling chain.

Soldier, sleep, the fight is done,
Mute the trumpet, mute the drum;
Let the lion still rage on,
Switzerland is still thy home.

There was an inspiriting boldness in the accompaniment of the harp, which roused the martial feelings of the wounded soldier, and he instinctively raised himself in his bed to catch every note of the lay. But the voice!—the spirit of song seemed to be hovering near, and breathing melody through the air. There was a richness in the tone which enchanted the ear and won the heart; yet, memory was awake: they seemed to be the notes of other days; notes loved, remembered—still, giving pain in their remembrance. It could not be that Josephine, his cherished wife, was near him? No, the song wanted her simplicity, and a master-hand swept over the chords of the harp. "I have heard that voice before," said he to himself; "yet I know not when or where. It is pleasing, and yet it is painful—would that I could forget it."

He sighed heavily, and sunk back upon his couch. Elodie, hearing the sigh, flew towards the bed and withdrew the curtains; the full dark eyes of Henrich fell upon her face, suffused with the smiles of hope, and the blushes of modesty. "Nay," exclaimed the warm-hearted girl, "do not gaze on me with that bewildered eye, *nor speak—nor stir; for your wound is still fresh, and* death may be the consequence of your indiscretion. Ah! Henrich Walstein, two tedious years have been added to the calendar of time since we parted: nay—do not start, you see before you the poor forsaken Elodie."

"Elodie! girl!" muttered the youth, drawing his hand hastily over his eyes, "we should have parted for ever."

"Nay, blame me not; if we have again met, it was decreed by a strange fatality. Forgive my weakness, Henrich, but—the joy of your recovery almost maddens me; I have saved the life of my preserver, and I feel doubly blest in being again able to acknowledge the debt I owe you. Many and many a weary day have I passed since you so suddenly left me at the foot-bridge. You said that you loved me, and I believed you—you won a heart which the vicissitudes of time, the splendor of fortune, or the chill of poverty, could not change; and, though my pride received a wound which still burns, yet, Henrich, I am weak enough to"——she could proceed no further, for tears choked her utterance.

"Elodie," answered the youth, more composed, "I loved you to the latest hour—I lived—I existed upon every word you spoke. The passion clung to my heart—but I knew not what I did; the wild ravings of a stripling were mine, and every hour saw me plunging deeper into guilt and misery. Your father was wealthy, powerful and of noble ancestry, mine was an humble mountaineer; he received me into his mansion as a wandering artist; and, trusting to my honour, appointed me your tutor. Would it not have been baseness in me to have robbed him of his only daughter's affection? Yes—yes, 'twas but the passion of boyhood; reason removed the intoxicating cup, and I dashed it from my lips ere its poison had been distilled.

"It was too late, Henrich—it was said, it was done, and from that hour my heart was yours!"

"No, no—love burnt the fiercer the more you sung and smiled; I knew not what I said. Remorse seized my heart, I fled to my father's humble roof—blessed you, and sought to die in sweet obscurity."

"It was unkind, I thought I shared at least your friendship," half breathed the weeping Elodie. "But, it is over; the happiness which I vainly hoped would be mine, is for ever gone. But do not chide my tears; remembrance, like the snow spirit, shakes the lucent shower from her dazzling wings, and the joys of other days pain, while the memory of them gives pleasure. My good father died shortly after you left us; besides his inestimable blessing, he bequeathed me all his fortune. Disgusted with the world, I left the villa, and have resided for some time in this mansion, with my aged aunt. The howl of war echoed through the vales of Underwalden, and I was compelled to be a witness to the scene of human butchery, in which you have taken so brave a part. To describe the battle, before your band of gallant Schwitzers arrived, lies beyond the capacity of a female—but, when I beheld our brave countrymen falling one by one, I felt, I wept for Switzerland. After the battle, I sped to the field to administer relief to the wounded; and beneath a heap of dead, I beheld you! When I had wiped the clotted blood from your cold brow, I had you removed to this house, the dwelling of my aunt, who, with myself, have nursed you day and night; and when the chapel bell would toll to vespers, we would pray for your safe recovery. Henrich, thus far have I preserved you; when you are safe recovered, then we part, never again to meet!"

"Never! ah! Elodie, not *never*. I owe my life to your kindness—forgive my harshness—be my friend, my *second* friend" ——

"I will be your first, Henrich," interrupted the enthusiastic girl—"no one's friendship shall be warmer than mine; no one shall nurse you but I; faithful to the name of friend, I'll remain by you, though the blood-thirsty bayonets of the French should point to my breast." Her eyes betrayed how much she felt, and she endeavoured to read her doom in his; but steady and fixed was their gaze, as if he wished to fathom the abyss of her soul. Wishing to change the subject, he slowly said—

"Stantz smokes in ruins—hundreds have died by sword and flames!"

"Yes—ah! when will unhappy Switzerland be free again!

"When!" answered the youth, half rising from his couch and clenching his hands; "when God in mercy hears the shrieks of the widow and the fatherless babes, when he beholds the scalding tears rolling from the eyes of tottering old age. There are a desperate few remaining who scorn the yoke; and the day will yet come when Switzerland shall be the tomb of France's bravest veterans. But, come, Elodie, strike your gentle harp again, and by the melody of your voice, lull me into sleep."

Love spread the maiden's dewy lips; she smiled—and drawing her harp by the bed side, run her taper fingers, as if by the power of magic, over its yielding strings.

Saw ye the gem on her finger white?
Saw ye the lily that deck'd her hair?
Her eye than the gem is far more bright,
Her cheek than the lily is far more fair.

Oh! could I dip in the clear green wave,
While sun-fish brighten, my trackless way,
I'd steal a gem from some deep sea-cave,
Whose lustre would shame the light of day.

A tiara I'd make of gold and pearls,
Such as the Nereid queens do wear;
I'd bind it amidst her jet-black curls,
And name her alone the fairest fair.

But saw ye the tear that fill'd her eye?
It came from a sad and broken heart;
And the lips that breathed love's melody,
Now, but to the sigh of anguish part.

Her dove has nestled upon her breast,
Nor more it flutters its purple wings;
The tones of her harp are sunk to rest,
Sorrow has muffled the golden strings.

To her this life is a chilly day,
Which soon is sinking 'neath the wave;
And, if there be left one glimmering ray,
'Tis that which falls coldly on the grave.

There is something implanted by nature in the character of woman, that I love to contemplate, a something which makes her beautiful, and raises her far above the vulgar level of society. She is "the weaker vessel," but all that fondness, fidelity, meekness or truth, which softens the rough edge of our natural temperament, is shewn fully in her. Formed to adorn society, and humanize mankind, to smooth the cares of the "lord of creation," and scatter his path with flowers, she—she alone is the prop on which he leans for support, when the storms of life are gathered around him. As the youthful ivy clings to the knotted oak through seasons of sunshine or clouds; and, at length falls with it to the earth, when old age has lopped its branches and severed its root, so woman, lovely woman, clings to man, through life unmoved, unshaken, still the same. Who can pass the grave of a virtuous female without emotion? There is something melancholy in contemplating the spot where female excellence reposes, and I involuntarily shed a tear over the cold bed of her whose unobtrusive merits, are buried with her in the grave. The little weaknesses of her nature, should command our pity, not our contempt; she deserves our love in every stage of life: the young and bashful virgin, with eyes speaking every emotion of the soul, and cheek crimsoned with the warm feelings of the heart; the affectionate wife absorbed in the affairs of her household; or the virtuous and dignified matron, resigning the frivolities and excesses of the world, and seeking the comforts of retirement in the winter of life. In each of these stations, woman commands our respect and admiration.

The attachment of Elodie to the inconstant Henrich may be called a weakness. Little acquainted with the world, she was consequently ignorant of the wandering disposition of man. She innocently believed all hearts were like hers, and love once felt, should last for ever. Her's, like the cancer, took deeper root the more it was wounded; and she vainly hoped that, now all obstacles were removed, Henrich might renew his former affection. Many a wild dream of future happiness passed before her as she gazed upon him, while he slept, and marked the various changes of his countenance, for his slumbers were worried, and a high fever prevailed. Leaving orders with a servant to remain in the room, she retired for the night. *(To be continued.)*

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE INCENDIARY OF MOSCOW.

Vexed with the noble opposition, he met with from an enraged populace, and assisted by a portion of the army, Bonaparte destroyed this ancient capital, and then blushing for a crime, which alone would blast his name for ever, he endeavoured to fasten the guilt and not the honor of the action, upon the Russian empire; for so far as it is honorable, so far as it was the heroism of a great people, bent on accomplishing their own liberty from a tyrant, they *may* claim the deed, since there can be no doubt but the magazines were destroyed by the express orders of Rostopchin, and that the palaces of some of the nobility, were fired by their own order, in cases where much property would have fallen into the hands of the enemy: but in doing this the city was not exposed to the destructive element in the same manner other great cities would be, under similar circumstances; these palaces being completely insolated, and often divided by very considerable plats of ground from all other habitations. Whatever might have been the *wishes* of the Russian monarch as to the destruction of Moscow, rather than suffer it to fall into the hands of the enemy, so as to prove a depot and garrison to *him;* yet there is no reason to believe he ever meditated a scheme which would involve such a multitude of his subjects, in irremediable distress, at a season when all the horrors of winter were coming upon them, and when their distress would operate so as to render them unservicable in the field. On the other hand, it might have been supposed that Bonaparte would not have destroyed his own power of securing safe quarters for the winter; and the power of refreshing his harassed army; and probably he had not any such intention on his first entering Moscow. But the spirited opposition he met with irritated him; and the daring sacrifice made by those nobles, to whose plundered mansions, he looked for a reimbursement of his expenses, induced him at once to adopt this means of revenging himself on some, and striking terror into others.

So long as the annals of mankind shall exist—so long as human beings shall view with interest, the deeds and sufferings of their fellow men, so long will the history of *this terrible event, call for the utter abhorrence of every* brave and generous spirit. Nations unborn may learn from hence to crush the daring spirit of the ambitious, and curb the encroachments of tyranny in the infancy of its power; while humanity shall shed a tear at the sufferings of this gallant though afflicted people.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE RECONCILIATION.

The noisy joy which attended the early part of the mask, was now subsiding; and the ravishing splendour of the night seemed to have stolen its influence into all hearts and disposed them to enjoy in stillness the luxuries of sight and sound that were offered to eye and ear in such rich profusion. The Nile never glanced back a purer light from its thousand dancing waves, when they upbore the countless barks of the worshippers of Isis, than was now shedding on every leaf of that thronged garden; their leaves softly murmuring their gratitude for the bright glances—like the inarticulate sounds that falter on the lover's tongue, when beauty has looked kindly on him—inarticulate, because words cannot syllable his feeling.

The clustering lamps of every hue that had gleamed richly through the dark foliage, were now partially extinguished; and the diminished glare gave opportunity to him of the lonely heart, to commune with his own troubled feelings, unobserved by the many. And music too was there. In the earlier part of the evening, its strains had only woke for the dancer's pleasure, but now, when the giddy round was stilled, and the laugh of merriment was hushed, and other feelings occupied all hearts, it still breathed;—but in other strains—in strains to wake as deep a melody, as it poured in the still recesses of the heart. To hear such music as was now pouring its richness through the garden—every loud note softened, and every soft, low breathing, rendered still softer and sweeter by that distance—this moment thrilling with its distinctness, and in the next, dying in a low, unearthly plaintiveness—with the magic associations of such moonbeams as were silvering every tree and flower—brought a spell upon the soul of Idenstein, which, despite the bitterness that was in his soul, had much of joy in it. But his feelings were such as were averse to society, and reaching a distant part of the garden, to which the company had not penetrated, he threw himself down on the verge of a stream whose small waves rippled calmly to his side, bringing a lulling music to his heart. He mused. What had that splendid festival brought him but bitterness? "Thus are years of devotedness repaid:—devotion which would sacrifice all earth, all heaven, for its object—forgotten in an hour for the oft told tale of a flatterer. Thus it is for man to hang his happiness on woman's faith." He had looked foward to this evening as an era of joy—with the rapturous hope of passing some unmingled happiness with Francesca—that sunbeam on his path:—and might he not expect joy from the witching association of love and loneliness—moonbeams and music? But these hopes were dashed. Francesca had promised to accompany him to the gardens, and he had nearly reached her dwelling to claim her promise, when a breathless messenger reached him from his sister, whose dearest friend was suddenly ill, and it was necessary that he should attend her to the house of mourning. Sacrificing pleasure to this sacred call, he again fled to his Francesca—but to his disappointment, found she had some time since gone to the gardens with Werner, one of the most dissolute of the young nobles, and the last that he could wish to be an associate of Francesca. Breathless he rushed to the scene of festivity, and found Francesca on terms of growing familiarity with her companion, and to his glowing salutation, received a return studiedly, freezingly *polite!* How shrunk his heart—what a revulsion of feeling—from eager hope, to a reality as withering as unexpected. He left her—he could not remain near her, while another, with her approval, filled the place at her side that he alone should have occupied—he left her—and was now in lone moodiness, brooding over the events of the past hour. Whence was this sudden change? but yesterday, she was all tenderness—and now——

To what could he attribute it, but to the fickleness which has been a characteristic of woman in every age! His thoughts wandered backward, not o'er "memory's waste," for hitherto it was a *bright* field. Every recollection of her was as fresh as if the impression were but that hour imprinted;—he remembered that hallowed evening when his lips were first pressed upon her fair brow—the time when half frighted at her own dreams, she sat upon his knee, and with her hand in his, her cheek on his, scarcely breathing, she murmured "dearest wilt thou *always* love me!"—he could almost feel her arm clinging around his neck—her heart beating against his own, as they were at that parting, when she hung upon his breast "in all the tearless agony of wo." All these remembrances came over his heart; not as in dreary dimness, but in living distinctness. Then came the torturing consciousness that these were fountains of joy, that to him must henceforth be sealed. A thousand dark thoughts rushed with maddening fury across his soul. He cursed heaven for his birth—and Francesca for his destruction. Exhausted with his emotions, he lay unconscious of existence. At length he revived;—he heard footsteps slowly bending toward his retreat, and, unwilling to be observed, he hastily rose, and retiring into the concealment of the shrubbery, beheld Francesca—beheld her alone, and deep sorrow in her eyes. He started forward. "Thou cruel one," he exclaimed, "dost thou come to mock me!—has thy new

adorer left thee, that thou weepest." She leaned against a tree for support, and faintly said, "And dost thou reproach me with inconstancy, false Idenstein? Where is she with whom, while I anxiously watched thy coming, I saw thee hastening hither?" The mystery flashed upon him. "Didst thou not recognise my sister Ida." "Thy sister Ida—oh, God!" exclaimed she, as she sunk into his arms. GREY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Mr. Editor.—If you deem the following extract from the natural history of the Humming-bird a suitable article for your Literary Gazette, I hope you will give it a place, together with the accompanying scrap of poetry, which, being apropos, is added by way of a desert, or as a compliment to your fair *little* readers. Amicus.

HUMMING-BIRD—(Trochilus.)—*Linn.*

In forming this minute animal, nature appears to have been hesitating whether she would fabricate a bird or an insect. They are the least of the feathered tribe; they feed like insects, on the nectar of flowers, particularly those with long tubes, which they extract, like bees, while on the wing, fluttering about the place, and making a humming noise; the legs and bill are very weak; the tail feathers ten in number.

Of all animated beings, the humming-bird is perhaps the most elegant in form, and brilliant in its colours. Activity, rapidity, and richness of drapery sometimes, sparingly bestowed by nature on the other tenants of the air, she has heaped upon the humming-bird without measure. The emerald, ruby, and topaz, sparkle on its apparel, which is never soiled by the dust, for in its aerial life it scarcely ever descends so low as to touch the grass. It flies from flower to flower, extracting their quintessence alone; and never quits a climate when perpetual spring renews without ceasing, the delicious luxuries on which it banquets. It is seldom that the humming-bird retires from the intratropical regions; appearing successively to advance and recede with the sun on either side of the *line*, in pursuit of an uninterrupted summer.

The Indians, struck with the lustre and fire of its plumage, call it the sun-beam; and the Spaniards tomino, from its minute weight. The tongue resembles the section of a silken thread, and the bill has the appearance of a fine needle. The little eyes appear like sparks of a diamond, and the feathers of the wings are so delicate, as to look transparent.

The feet of this creature are so small, that they are scarcely perceptible. He uses them, indeed, but little; for he is continually employed in a humming and rapid flutter, in which the motions of his wings are so quick, that they are altogether invisible. Like an inconstant lover, he hastens from flower to flower, to gratify his desires and multiply his enjoyments.

The courage and vivacity of these birds are nevertheless surprising. They pursue, with a furious audacity, birds twenty times their size; fasten themselves on their body, and allow themselves to be carried away by them flight; while they are, in the mean time pecking them with redoubled strokes of their bill, till their little wrath is appeased. They are solitary till the pairing season, when they engage busily, by pairs, in constructing with moss, lined with the down of the great mullein, a small, round, elegant nest, corresponding with the delicacy of their body. It is the female that completes this cradle for her progeny, while the male charges himself with the task of bringing the materials, which are ingeniously knit into the consistency of a thick and soft piece of cloth. The whole fabric is attached to two leaves, or a single leaf of the citron or orange-tree. It is soon furnished with two small white eggs, of the size of a pea, which the male and female hatch by turns, for twelve days. After this period, the young make their appearance; but it is impossible to say with what nourishment their mother supplies them, unless it be with the moisture which they suck from her tongue, while yet humid with the juice of flowers.

There is no possibility of taming birds so tender. No food could be had by human industry, sufficiently delicate to supply the place of the nectar which they gather in their wild state. Some have been kept alive for a few weeks, by syrups; but this nourishment, fine as it may seem, must be gross, when compared with what is commonly gathered by these flutterers among the flowers. Buffon thinks that honey would have proved a better substitute for their ordinary food.

These little birds are neither shy nor suspicious. They allow themselves to be approached within five or six steps, and thus fall an easy prey to the Indians, who catch them by the artifice of a twig covered with lime, and held out near the flower about which they are fluttering. When taken they instantly expire; and after death are worn as ear-rings by the young Indian ladies. The Peruvians had at one time the art of composing paintings of their feathers, of very great elegance and lustre.

The smallest species of the whole genus is called emphatically *trochilus minimus*, or *least humming-bird*. This is smaller than several of our bees; being scarcely a quarter of an inch in length. Some of them do not weigh more than twenty grains, and none of them more than forty-five. *Gallery of Nature and Art.*

SATIS PARVA RES EST.

Addressed to Miss C. a little short lady.

When anything abounds, we find
That nobody will have it,
But when there's *little* of the kind,
Don't all the people crave it?

The god of love's a *little* wight,
And beautiful as thought—
Thou too art *little*, fair as light,
And every thing in *short*.*

If wives are evils as 'tis known,
And wofully confess'd;
The man who's wise will surely own,
A *little* one is best.

For her I'll then all else forego,
For mark the poet's song:—
"Man wants but *little* here below,
Nor wants that *little long*.

*Nulla voluptas longa est.

SELECTED.

LUCY GAY.

That sweet and simple poet of nature, Burns, has in the commencement of his published correspondence, given two or three letters, written by himself, in the young days of love, when the bright beams of his fancy went abroad to revel in the sunlight of poetry.—Woman was then the spell to which he turned his harp, and touched as it was, by her fairy wand, the music that it discoursed was most eloquent. It was under the influence of an almost hopeless attachment, that these letters were commenced, and the last one was written after he had received an answer from his mistress, which contained a refusal of his hand. Burns was ever a lover from the first warblings of his muse to its last rich breathings, his poetry was of a milder cast, and his fancy of a brighter hue, when beauty was his theme. But he, with all his bright genius capable as it was of stealing us away from every thing cold and selfish, and transporting us to a home as natural and innocent as that so beautifully pourtrayed in "The Cotter's Saturday night," and willing as he was to bow down at the feet of his fair one, still all would not obtain a smiling consent, and he was forced at that time to call up reason and subdue passion. I have spoken of Burns and those letters, because on the one hand, they are written in the natural and easy language of that author: and on the other, the sentiments are such as would flow from a heart where honour presided. Let young lovers peruse them.

There winds through the green meadows that spread themselves out in beauty around the village of Mid Gotham, a silvery creek, which has been termed in the poetic language of lovers, the Fall kill. Many a bright eye has gazed with pleasure on its waters, as it danced along, in murmuring sweetness, over the pebbles, or slept in silence in the calm pool. But there was none that wandered there so often, to drink in the calm richness of the summer evening, or to allow fancy to play so wildly like the waters, as Lucy Gay.

My heroine, smiling in beauty and innocence was never alone when she rambled out to her favorite spot, where the creek after its various meanderings through the meadows, is formed by the hand of art into a small lake, on the brow of a hill, but from which its waters escape over the rocks, and foam and tumble along until they pay their tribute into the broad bosom of the Hudson.

To a young girl just budding into life rich in every charm that floats in wild and playful beauty around her form; who has a smile for this one, and a laugh for that who finds there is an enjoyment in the company of the other sex which her own cannot afford, and who has around her many apparently willing to become suitors, there is a step necessary which in her inexperience it is almost impossible to take. All carry towards her the same unbounded beauty in her manners, the same frank and open conduct—and why should she make a preference, or what ground has she to make that preference on?—This was a question which Lucy Gay put to herself, but found it impossible to answer. She had many visiters; but two young men, in particular, appeared to single her out as their favorite. She studied the characters of both, and found herself willing to accept either, gave both opportunities for an explanation, yet received none. It was evident to her there existed between the two a spirit of rivalry, yet it was impossible for her, under every circumstance, to destroy it. At length one dropt off; the other finding that the charm of opposition was gone, discontinued his visits also. It caused Lucy some melancholy moments, when she was left alone.—She had endeavored to conduct herself properly, and that rectitude of conduct was evidently the cause of her trouble. She dwelt upon the circumstance, learned a lesson from it and formed her resolution accordingly.

As luring as it is to the young of both sexes—as many real and fancied pleasures as they enjoy—as sweet to ramble in evening's witching hour, listening to the voice of beauty—and powerful as such influence may be, and rich as the enjoyment it creates is to the gay mind, still all these Lucy Gay resolved to forge. That period of life with her had arrived, when she was willing to claim an endearing protection from man. The days of conquest and trifling coquetry, with her were over. She had always found the bitter mingled with the sweet, in those times. It was not long before the resolution she had formed was put in execution. There was soon one who

singled her out for the object of his attention. He visited regularly, and his visits were received for a proper length of time—still no offer came—meet where they would, she must hang upon his arm—pay him all attention, or apparent offence would be given. Lucy Gay then took the step which women scarcely ever dare take—yet one which will, under such circumstances, do them credit with the virtuous at all times. She asked him the motives of his visits. It came unexpected to be sure. He hung down his head and merely mentioned company. He was desired to seek it elsewhere, if that was his only object. Lucy talked coolly, sketched to him the situation in which conduct like this placed girls. It prohibited them from all other company, the busy tongue of petty envy was allowed scope; and in the end, when their society ceased to give a charm, they were left with all those ten thousand tales connected with the circumstance, circulating at their expense. That beau never paid another visit, and again Lucy was left without a suiter, from the same cause. Yet virtue works out its own reward at last.

The cool and delightful evenings that usher in that period of the year when nature assumes the sombre hue of autumn, had arrived; the landscape, however, had not lost the beauty of summer, yet the shrill cry of the locust, and the almost continued evening song of the catydyd, weeks before had been the harbinger of the approach of fall. I had wandered out then in company with Lucy Gay and her intended, the evening previous to their marriage, along the winding banks of the Fall kill. It was an exciting scene—I forgot the beauty of the landscape mellowed into sweetness by the mild light of the full faced moon. I gazed upon her who wandered to that scene so oft. I dwelt upon the incidents of courtship through which she had passed, and the correctness of her conduct. He who was to dance gaily with her in life's journey, or cling together through its thorny way, had been an old schoolmate of mine. He had stood aloof for a long time from female society, only waiting for one to whom he could make honorable advances, when he became acquainted with Lucy Gay. With them acquaintance soon ripened into attachment, and they were married. If there is now a happy couple in the village of Mad Gotham it is they.

I intended to convey a moral with my story. This much may be learned. When you wish to become a suitor, choose a proper opportunity, and tell your mistress of it candidly. Then, if you are accepted, you need never fear opposition: that is, if the lady acts as honorable a part as you do.—Then, too, you destroy the power of a coquet. You are properly served if you visit, and go through what you believe a courtship, and in the end when you seriously address her, she laughs in your face. Put not your peace of mind so much in the power of any one. Many a woman will teaze you a little at all times, unless she properly understands your intentions, and it is her privilege to do so. Ladies, to you I will merely say—if a gentleman address you for an unreasonable length of time, without disclosing to you his intentions, either dismiss him or do as Lucy Gay did.

SUFFERINGS FROM FAMINE.

There was lately living, says the Courier, at Frankfort, in Germany a man who resided in Moscow, when that place was taken by the French; the following account of his sufferings, was taken from his own mouth, and as nearly as possible, in his own words. When the firing had become so frequent as to render exposure in the streets dangerous to the inhabitants, the cellars of the houses became the only secure places of refuge. To the cellars most of the people betook themselves, with such provisions as they could. These cellars being strongly arched over, it was a rare circumstance that a bomb, after falling through the roofs and floors, had force enough left to penetrate them. The person whose sufferings are now to be detailed, retreated to his cellar, which was connected by another at the other end of the building by a vaulted passage, occupied by his two female domestics and a boy named Ernest. About the centre of the vaulted passage was a flight of stone stairs, leading to the kitchen above. One morning, the firing seemed to rage with uncommon violence; the earth shook with the explosions from the batteries; and the boy Ernest left his master, to see what the terrible loudness of the firing indicated. He had hardly time to make his egress from the vaulted passage when a noise and crash equal to the loudest thunder involved the master in dust and darkness. A load of rubbish choked up the door-way, extending some feet within the entrance of the room. A shell had fallen upon the house, and exploded on the arched passage at the entrance of the cellar, making its inmate a prisoner. The remainder of the story we present in the language of the relator.

When I had a little recovered from my surprise, I found the entrance hermetically sealed against ingress or egress; and what was, in my circumstances, equally dreadful, a tinder-box, candles, and a little store of provisions, which were just without the cellar-door in an excavation in the wall of the passage, were lost; I might have crawled thither from my mattrass and secured them, but the masses of stone piled on each other, forbade the most distant prospect of hope from any exertion of my own. I threw myself back in an agony of despair. In the confusion which reigned without, I must remain forgotten! All the horror of my situation came upon me at once, and my heart died within me. To add to my misfortune, my candle was nearly burnt out; with what feelings did I watch its glimmering in the socket! Its last flash was like the arrow of death passing through my heart. I now wept like a woman amid the darkness of my unseen abode, that was, as far as I could judge, my charnel vault. Death from hunger was before me, with all its keenness of suffering. The dull, and as it were, remote sound of the guns from without, so different in intensity from what it had lately been, told to me that the mass interposed between myself and the upper world, must be very considerable. I felt my heart shrink up at the discovery of my situation. The hours lingered into ages; but it was long before the feeling of hunger affected me—so much was my mind occupied with apprehensions for the future, and filled with hopes and fears of continual ebb and flow. In groping around me I found two stale crusts of bread, and some water yet remained in a vessel by the side of my mattrass. Both I used avariciously, yet at every mouthful my apprehension for the future increased, and a hundred times did I in vain feel around carefully for some other relic of food: I had, I then thought, no alternative but to die. Why should I fear to do so?—hundreds, perhaps thousands, were at the same moment dying above, but a short distance from me, in the violence of angry passions, and with horrible lacerations. I should go out from life like a taper; and most probably the pains of such a death had been greatly exaggerated. Such were my self-comforts—refuges from despair.

I soon found a sensation of emptiness come over me, bordering upon faintness, similar to what many people feel to delay a meal to a very late hour. It appeared to me that my eyes were weak, and I fancied if I had had light near me that still I could have seen nothing distinctly. This sensation was accompanied by a tremor of the eyelids, and a swimming in the head. I tried to relieve myself by giving away to sleep, the inclination for which came at times very strongly over me, but I could not gain more refreshment than a restless doze imparts, and this was always cut short by some horrible vision that prevented its affording me the least benefit. Now I thought I was seated at a splendid feast, where all that could attract the palate and delight the senses was before me. I was touching the richest viands—nay actually lifting the envied morsel till it touched my mouth, and its flavor was in my nostrils, when I was awaked by some hideous phantom snatching the untasted morsel from my shrivelled lips and dashing it away. Sometimes I found myself in a delicious island, where the finest fruits grew in nature's prodigality; but on tasting them, they were nauseous and sickening, mere soot and ashes; and if I sought to relieve my thirst from the pure limpid streams that ran in crystal among the luxurious scenery, I found them changed into bitter blood. Every thing seemed to combine to mock my sufferings and edge my tortures. I was much afflicted by spasms and twitching sensations internally, as if the viscera were drawn together and expanded too suddenly. Hollow, aching gnawing pains, as if my vitals were torn with pincers, frequently assailed me, but seemed to diminish in force from repetition. I strove with all my might to bear up with patience and resignation; and at times I subdued my bodily pain with my mind's energy; but alas! such periods were of momentary duration. Drowsiness generally accompanied the cessation of pain, but it was only to make me start from hideous visions and tantalizing dreams. It seemed as no recollections of my past life—no images but such as would distress me to the utmost at such a moment, were ever recalled; such as they were, they appeared horrible vivid and true, torturing me like fiends, and rendering my mind an instrument of pain, horrible as that where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

That absolute weakness which is the fruit of inaction in general, did not come over me for some days. It is true I had no opportunity of trying my strength; and I knew not what effect my recent accident might have on my frame, in rendering it less or more capable of resistance to the approach of hunger. My mind seemed to me first susceptible of the advance of suffering, for my memory was very quickly impaired. All my recollections seemed in disconnected links, or united with what had not the remotest affinity to each or either, as is often the case in a fevered delirium. Almost intolerable restlessness of spirit at first accompanied my bodily torment, ending in deep depression of mind, and sighing, I poured forth my prayers to God incessantly; but they seemed to give little or no consolation. Instead of being followed by resignation, (I am speaking of the early part of my suffering,) I felt inclined to murmur the more at my destiny, and to task the justice of the Almighty in predestinating me to such a doom. Then my feelings would be converted into keen regret, or rather torment, for my murmuring. The prospect of death added weight to my mental anguish, and suddenly summoned before me, enlarging darkly in bulk, the sins of my past life, until they arose to be inaccessible barriers to the hope of eternal glory, when my miserable existence on earth should have closed. I always rate the mental torment I endured on this occasion as equal to the bodily, during the time the body preserved the consistency of its functions. Afterwards the mind sunk down with it into a species of apathy no apprehension could rouse. In that dreadful state I demanded of heaven if my terrible sufferings would not propitiate my sins—whether heaven, that had so permitted agony to be heaped upon my head, would not balance it against my offences, towards its majesty! Thus I prayed or murmured. Reasons seldom aided me. I was the victim of suffering's impulses, and was cast upon wild fancies enjoying no repose.

The stage of my trial soon had its end: I had no mode of computing time, for the hands o my watch were indistinguishable from the darkness; I knew that it had concluded long after I had finished the last drop of my water. The effect of this beverage, though I had made it last me as long as I could, produced a rapid change in my sensations, this I well recollect. I began to feel fainter and more weak, and my limbs grew painfully cold. Shivering fits now and then came over me; and my mind, contrary to what had happened before, seemed to have by far the advantage of the body. I was conscious of delirium at times, and of demoniacal dreams, but at intervals I was more composed, and suffered little pain, but inexorable debility. The viscera seemed to me diminished, and all energy in them extinct, feeling like a dead mass, and as if some of a dead disembowelled animal had been placed within me instead of my own. My giddiness of head increased, together with the spasms and faintness. I am certain too, that about this time I became totally blind, at least such is my firm impression. I found too, that in my paroxysms of delirium, I had attempted to gnaw my arms, but the laceration was not deep, simply from the want of physical power to penetrate the muscle with my relaxed teeth. "When, O God, will my agonies end?" was my frequent sigh, for I was too weak for an articulate ejaculation. I seemed to have forgotten words, even to myself, as I found when I tried to pray: I could not connect what I would say, I can well remember. At length a repose, which seemed the forerunner of speedy death, came on me, though still sensible, but powerless as a corpse. I looked for my deliverance by death with unconcern. I have an impression, that while lying in this state, I heard the sound of artillery, but I cannot be certain any more than I can tell how long it was before I became wholly insensible.

My next recollection of myself is a most painful one. Where, I could not guess where. Strange voices were around me, and I could not see the speakers, from the utter want of vision. The horrible debility I felt in body, combined with the activity of my mind during my restoration, was unspeakably painful—so much so that the recollection almost overpowers me even now. It appeared that Ernest had escaped the effects of a 13 inch shell, which burst over the passage to the cellar and broke in the door. When matters were a little quiet, the faithful lad did not fail to implore all he met in my behalf. A humane French officer ordered a search to be made, and I was found, apparently lifeless, stretched on my mattress. To the care of a French surgeon I also owe my recovery, and the power of now relating my sufferings. That recovery was slow. I had endured a fasting of nine entire days. Ernest, six feet high, and proportionably stout; when found, he could have carried me on his back. and I seemed sunk to the lowest stature, a mere cage of bone and skin. Nothing of inconvenience remains to me now from this my severe trial, save now and then, a dream of terrible vividness, which comes upon me whenever I suffer from feverishness or indigestion, and fearfully recalls the past.

THE PHANTOM HAND.

I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away!

In a lonely part of the bleak and rocky coast of Scotland, there dwelt a being, who was designated by the few who saw and feared him, the Warlock Fisher. He was in all a singular and fearful old man. For years he had followed his dangerous occupation alone; adventuring forth in weather which appalled the stoutest of the stout hearts he occasionally exchanged a word with him, in passing to and fro in their mutual employment. Of his name, birth, or descent, nothing was known; but the fecundity of conjecture had supplied an unfailing stock of materials on these points. Some said he was the devil incarnate; others said he was a Dutchman, or some other "far away foreigner," who had fled to these comparative solitudes for a shelter, from the retribution due to some grievous crime, and all agreed that he was neither a Scot nor a true man. In outward form, however, he was still "a model of a man," tall and well-made; though in years, his natural strength was far from being abated. His matted black hair, hanging in elf locks about his arms and shoulders, together with the perpetual sallenness which seemed native in the expression of features neither regular nor pleasing, gave him an appearance unendurably disgusting. He lived alone, in a hovel of his own construction, partially scooped out of a rock—was never known to have suffered a visiter within its walls—to have spoken a kind word, or done a kind action. Once, indeed, he performed an act which, in a less ominous being, would have been lauded as the extreme of heroism. In a dreadfully stormy morning, a fishing-boat was seen in great distress, making for the shore—there was a father and two sons in it. The danger became imminent, as they neared the rocky promontory of the fisher—and the boat upset. Women and boys were screaming and gesticulating from the beach, in all the wild and useless energy of despair, but assistance was nowhere to be seen. The father and one of the lads disappeared for ever; but the younger boy clung with extraordinary resolution, to the inverted vessel. By accident, the Warlock Fisher came to the door of his hovel, saw the drowning lad, and plunged instantaneously into the sea. For some minutes he was invisible amid the angry turmoil; but he swam like an inhabitant of that fearful element, and bore the boy in safety to the beach. From fatigue or fear, or the effects of both united, the poor lad died shortly afterwards, and his grateful relatives industriously insisted, that *he had been lighted in the grasp of his unhallowed rescuer!*

Towards the end of autumn, the weather frequently becomes so broken and stormy in these parts, as to render the sustenance derived from fishing extremely precarious. Against this, however, the Warlock Fisher was provided, for, caring little for weather, and apparently less for life, he went out in all seasons, and was known to be absent for days, during the most violent storms, when every hope of seeing him again was lost. Still nothing harmed him; he came drifting back again, the wayward, unfearing, unhallowed animal. To account for this, it was understood that he was in connexion with smugglers; that his days of absence were spent in their service—in reconnoitering for their safety, and assisting their depredations. Whatever of truth their might be in this, it was well known that the Warlock Fisher never wanted ardent spirits: and so free was he in their use and of tobacco, that he has been heard, in a long and dreary winter's evening, carolling songs in a strange tongue, with all the fervor of an inspired bacchanal. It had been said, too, at such times, he held strange talk with some who never answered, deprecated sights which no one else could see, and exhibited the fury of an outrageous maniac.

It was towards the close of an autumn day, that a tall young man was seen surveying the barren rocks, and apparently deserted shores, near the dwelling of the fisher. He wore the inquiring aspect of a stranger, and yet his step indicated a previous acquaintance with the scene. The sun was flinging his boldest radiance on the rolling ocean, as the youth ascended the rugged path which led to the Warlock Fisher's hut. He surveyed the door for a moment, as if to be certain of the spot; and then, with one stroke of his foot, dashed the door inwards. It was damp and tenant'ess. The stranger set down his bundle, kindled a fire, and remained in quiet possession. In a few hours the fisher returned. He started involuntarily at the sight of the intruder, who sprang to his feet, ready for any alternative.

"What seek you in my hut?" said the Fisher.

"A shelter for the night—the hawks are out."

"Who directed you to me?"

"Old acquaintance!"

"Never saw you with my eyes—shiver me! But never mind, you look like the breed—a ready hand and light heel, ha! All's right—tap your keg!"

No sooner said than done. The keg was broached, and a good brown basin of double hollands was brimming at the lips of the Warlock Fisher. The stranger did himself a similar service, and they grew friendly. The Fisher could not avoid placing his hand before his eyes once or twice, as is wishful to avoid the keen gaze of the stranger, who still plied the fire with fuel and his host with hollands. Reserve was at length annihilated, and the Fisher jocularly said—

"Well, and so we're old acquaintance, ha?"

"Ay," said the young man, with another searching glance. "I was in doubt at first, but *now* I'm certain."

"And what's to be done?" said the Fisher.

"An hour after midnight you must put me on board ——'s boat; she'll be abroad. They'll run a light to the mast head, for which you'll steer.—You're a good hand at the helm in a dark and rough sea," was the reply.

"How, if I will not?"

"Then—*your life or mine!*"

They sprang to their feet simultaneously, and an immediate encounter seemed inevitable.

"Pshit!" said the Fisher, sinking on his seat, "what madness this is! I was a thought warm with the liquor, and the recollections of past times were rising on my memory. Think nothing of it. I heard those *words once before*," and he ground his teeth in rage. "Yes, once; but in a shriller voice than yours! Sometimes, too, the bastard rises to my view; and then I smite him so——hah! give us another basin full!" He stuck short at vacancy, snatched the beverage from the stranger, and drank it off. "An hour after midnight, said ye?"

"Ah—you'll see no bastard's then."

"Worse—may be—worse!" muttered the Fisher, sinking into abstraction, and glaring wildly on the flickering embers before him.

"Why, how's this?" said the stranger. "Are your senses playing bo-peep with the ghost of some pigeon-livered coast captain, eh? Come, take another pull at the keg, to clear your head lights, and tell us a bit of your ditty."

The Fisher took another draught, and proceeded—

"About five-and-twenty years ago, a stranger came to this hut—may the curse of God annihilate him.——"

"Amen to that," said the young man.

"He brought with him a boy and a girl, a purse of gold, and —— the arch fiend's tongue, to tempt me! Well, it was to take these children out to sea—upset the boat—and lose them!"

"And you did so," interrupted the stranger.

"I tried—but listen. On a fine evening, I took them out: the sun sank rapidly, and I knew by the freshening of the breeze, there would be a storm. I was not mistaken. It came on even faster than I wished. The children were alarmed—the boy, in particular, grew suspicious: he insisted that I had an object in going out so far at sunset. This irritated me,—and I rose up to smite him, when the fair girl interposed her fragile form between us. She screamed for mercy, and clung to my arm with the desperation of despair. I could not shake her off!

The boy had the spirit of a man; he seized a piece of spar, and struck me on the temples. 'How, you villain!' said he, 'your life or mine!' At that moment the boat upset, and we were all adrift. The boy I never saw again—a tremendous sea broke between us—but the wretched girl clung to me like hate! Damnation!—her dying screams is ringing in my ears like madness! I struck her on the forehead, and she sank—all but her hand, one little white hand would not sink! I threw myself on my back, and struck at it with both my feet—and then I thought it sunk for ever. I made the shore with difficulty, for I was stunned and senseless, and the ocean heaved as if it would have washed away the mortal world—and the lightnings blazed as if all hell had come to light the scene of warfare! I have never since been on the sea at midnight, but that hand has followed or preceded me. I have never——" Here he sank down from his seat, and rolled himself in agony upon the floor.

"Poor wretch" muttered the stranger, "what hinders now my long sought vengeance? Even with my foot—— but thou shalt share my murderer sister's grave!"

"A shot is fired! look out for the light!" said the stranger

The Fisher went to the door, but suddenly started back, clasping his hands before his face.

"Fire and brimstone! there it is again!" he cried.

"What!" said his companion, looking coolly around him.

"That infernal hand! Lightnings blast it! but that's impossible," he added, in a fearful undertone, which sounded as if some of the eternal rocks around him were adding a response to his imprecations—*that's* impossible! It is a part of them—it has been so for years—darkness could not shroud it—distance could not separate it from my burning eye balls!—awake, it was there—asleep, it flickered and blazed before me! it has been my rock ahead through life, and it will herald me to hell!" So saying, he pressed his sinewy hands upon his face, buried his head between his knees, till the rock beneath him seemed to shake with his uncontrollable agony.

"Again it beckons me!" said he, starting up; "ten thousand fires are blazing in my heart—in my brain! where, *where* can I be worse! Fiend, I defy thee!"

"I see nothing," said his companion, with unalterable composure.

"You see nothing," thundered the Fisher, with mingling sarcasm and fury; "look *there!*" He snatched his hand, and pointing steadily into the gloom, again murmured, "Look there! look there!"

At that moment the lightning blazed around with appalling brilliancy: and the stranger saw a small white hand pointing tremendously upwards.

"I saw it there, said he, "but it is not *hers!* Infatuated, abandoned villain!" he continued, with irrepressible energy, "it is not my sister's hand—no! it is the incarnate fiend's who tempted you, to perdition—begone together!"

He aimed a dreadful blow at the astonished Fisher, who instinctively avoided the stroke. Mutually wound up to the highest pitch of anger, they grappled each the other's throat, set their feet, and strained for the throw, which was inevitably to bury both in the wild waves beneath. A faint shriek was heard, and a gibbering, as of many voices, came flattering around them.

"Chatter on!" said the Fisher, "he joins you now!"

"Together—it will be together!" said the stranger, as with a last desperate effort he beat his adversary backward from the beetling cliff. The voice of the Fisher sounded hoarsely in execration, as they dashed into the sea together; but what he said was drowned in the hoarser murmur of the uplashing surge! The body of the stranger was found on the next morning flung far up on the rocky shore—but that of the murderer was gone for ever!

The superstitious peasantry of the neighbourhood still consider the spot as haunted; and at midnight, when the waves dash fitfully against the perilous crags, and the bleak winds sweep with long and angry moan around them, they still hear the gibbering voices of the fiends, and the mortal execrations of the Warlock Fisher!—but, after that fearful night, no man ever saw THE PHANTOM HAND!

THE UNIVERSE.

An impostor was brought into this town on the 12th instant, who declared himself to be Jesus Christ and that he had recently come from Heaven to judge the world, which was shortly to be at an end. He attempted proving his divinity by showing the prints of the nails on the different members of his body; his judgment here was rather nonsuited; for the citizens invariably believed him to be, not only an impostor, but a felon, whose actions at some period had merited an acquaintance with hand-cuffs and fetters.

This strange prodigy is remarkably expert in quoting scripture, and he is not without followers, as might be expected: he has erected his throne for the purpose of judging the world, on Leatherwood, about seven miles from this place, where he has been for about five weeks. On the 12th instant he ascended his throne, with all the pomp and presumption imaginable, and commenced the execution of his mission. On the same evening, after having suspended his judgment, he repaired to the house of one of his followers, who accompanied him to this place, where all his proselytes, about twenty, were collected for the alone purpose of worshipping him, at his presence they immediately prostrated themselves at his feet, calling him the true God. Among these enthusiastic devotees, are found some who were formerly considered the most respectable citizens of that neighborhood, even some who have preached the gospel in at least two different bodies, and have now descended to worship this strange god, who declares that he can shake heaven and earth with his nod, that he can engulf the human family in the vortex of oblivion, if he should but say it, and that the whole hosts of heaven are prompt in the execution of his word.

The imposter was taken before a magistrate of this place, who could find no accusation against him; no law applicable to a God—consequently, Jupiter was dismissed.

A citizen of Leatherwood, knowing the injury he had done to his followers; some of whom were entirely deranged; others careless of property, had turned their flocks into their cornfields, could not permit him to go with impunity, but immediately smote the divinity, and gave him an opportunity of escaping. He embraced it and left town with seventy-five or one hundred citizens after him.

Such superstition and blind enthusiasm as has been exhibited at Leatherwood, on the present occasion, of which this is but the outlines, has been unparalleled in modern times, even amongst the rude and barbarous tribes of the west, yea the Heathen Mythology, the history of Hindoos or Hottentots, can scarcely present us with any thing exhibiting such a degree of human depravity, or which has raised into such a horrid flame all the impure and diabolical passions, which rage in the human heart.

No doctrine, it appears, can be so heterodox, as not to have advocates; as to suit the wayward passions of the depraved mind, which prompt men to sanctify vice, to recognize idolatry, or even to submit to the wheel of Juggernaut, which has been laved in the blood of thousands.

Ohio paper.

NAPOLEON'S BED ROOM.

After Josephine had been divorced from Napoleon, it is stated, in a volume of memoirs just published, that "the Empress, retaining for the Emperor an attachment approaching to adoration, would not allow even a chair to be disturbed in his apartment; and, instead of occupying "he self, preferred being very indifferently lodged above stair Every thing remained exactly in the state as when th Emperor quitted his cabinet:—a book of history, place on his bureau, with the page marked at which he had le off; the pen with which he had been writing retaining th ink that, a moment later, might have dictated laws to E rope; a map of the world, on which he had been pointi out to his confidants his projects respecting the countr the invasion of which he meditated and which bore mar of his impatience, occasioned probably, by some silly co ment. Josephine alone undertook the office of dusti what she called his relics; and seldom gave any perm sion to enter the sanctuary. Napoleon's Roman bed wa without curtains; his arms were hung on the walls of th chamber; and various parts of male dress scattered ove the furniture. It seemed as if he were just about to re-en ter a place from which he had banished himself for eve

THE EMERALD.

BALTIMORE....SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1829.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Whitfield came too late for th day's paper. J. M. S. is received. The gentleman wh has addressed to us three several letters through the po office, is informed that we intended to notice the recep tion of his communication, but forgot to do so. We be lieve it is published to-day. We never intentionally sligh any correspondent. Several articles intended for th week, are unavoidably postponed.

THE PLEASURES OF JANUARY.—A happy new year is the usual salutation, on the first of January, which ring in your ears—but there is no season so utterly gloomy. It the season of duns and blue devils, the season of cuts di rect, cuts collateral, cuts celestial, and cuts infernal; wa long faces and empty purses abound every where. Th daughters of the horse-leech go about, with the delight ful music of *give, give!*—and the mechanic looks as so as a roasted pig with a lemon in his mouth. Now is the tim for merchants to take accounts of stock, and for number less poor devils to crawl out at the little end of the hor now is the time for brokers to get two per cent. per month and to mourn over bad paper, which had been shaved f nought; now is the time for papas to stare at their son tailor bills, and to curse Navarinos, and the whole par thernalia of the toilet. Economy taps you on the shoul der, if you escape Mr. Borrowbody, while with a lugubri ous ejaculation, you tell money for a dead horse. Di ties, like clocks that have been ticking all the year, fi the difficulty of winding up for another season, and amuse the interim in making resolutions which they ne er intend to keep. Such are some of the pleasures January; but there are others of a more pleasing cha ter; for now the preacher reminds you that your days near to an end, and your conscience tells you that you a year older in folly. You review the past, and ten ye seems but one; you remember numberless resolu which have not been kept, and you realize as many d pointments where hope promised success. The con quence is, that you turn over a new leaf in the book of l an utter blank, to be filled up with fresh materials for pentance.

THE LEGENDARY, VOL 2.—The design of this bo when it was first projected, was to furnish, as it wo picture gallery, exclusively American. It was to cons of traditional stories, illustrative of American manne with descriptions of native scenery. We think that friend Willis made a great mistake in departing from course; for the necessary consequence has been, that

[illegible] is improperly called the Legendary, and is nothing [illegible] than a collection of well written miscellaneous articles in prose and verse. Though such a book as the Legendary, as it is, is well suited to show the abilities of our [illegible], it cannot be regarded as one, to which an English[illegible] could be referred for much information of our manners. We are aware that the prospectus to the first volume declared that contributions to the Legendary need not necessarily relate to America, but that such as related to our own country would be preferred--but Mr. Willis remembers that this was not the first design. A book made up of articles from several writers on various subjects, differing entirely in style and substance, can possess no character at all as a book. It is nothing else than a [illegible] of pamphlets bound together, where every author in the company stands by himself independently of his fellow. As such of course it must be considered, in order that no writer may suffer from the fault of another, or be extolled for another's excellence.

The field of the groundel arms, by Halleck.—This has been called a prosaic article, rather scriptural than poetical. It hardly a line which is not the bed of a poetic gem—as

"When the mind's wings o'erspread
The spirit world of dreams."
"The bright,
"Green dwelling of the Summer's first born hours."
"Sleepless seas of grass, whose waves are flowers."

A few image, though at first glance, highly picturesque. [illegible] written to please John Neal.

"Those swords are lightning flashes, in the cloud
Of the invader's wrath."

[illegible] some of the bright thoughts in this poem. [illegible] worthy of any poet who ever lived. Mr. Halleck writes as Washington Allston paints; after an ideal which can never be equalled, while at the same time production astonishes the world with its undreamt beauty.

The Stepmother; Anonymous.--A well told tale of a sinful love affair; suggested we suppose by the story of [illegible] and Yarico, though terminating more happily. The [illegible], who must, we think, be Miss Sedgwick, or some other distinguished lady, (from the circumstance of her making a man beg pardon on his knees, and several other feminine touches,) displays a deep insight of the human heart, and a close observation of truth, generally. The plot of the story is this--Lucius Lloyd, a virtuous and deserving young man, is sent by his employer to St. Domingo on business--where circumstances throw him into the family of his father's friend, whose daughter, a Creole, falls in love with him. This affection is not reciprocated, [illegible] the score of our heroine's complexion; her hand is offered to Lucius by her father, and is rejected. Elise de [illegible] behaves with more dignity than any white lady would have done in her situation; as a proof of which, read the following love scene.

Lucius, as will easily be believed, was not in that impassive mood which drinks in ecstacy from the exterior world; and he heard the light step of Elise with a [illegible] wish that he were amid the snows of Siberia, rather than in that paradise of beauty, light, and fragrance. [illegible] entered the balcony he approached her. The [illegible] of disorder and weeping were still on her countenance. Taking her hand, and leading her to a seat, 'I am unwilling,' said he, 'Mademoiselle de Breuile, to leave [illegible] without expressing in person my farewell acknowledgments for all your kindness, and begging that—'

'Stop,' said she, with an energy of manner that made him start, and over which she seemed herself to have no control, 'stop! I have not sought this interview to waste the courtesy the few moments I have allotted to it. [illegible] my father's communication to you; I know—how it was received. With the tenderness of a parent he felt some natural risings of resentment at the rejection of his child, but I have extinguished them. There are other feelings I cannot so easily quiet,' continued she, but with a faltering voice, and for a few moments she remained silent.

Her agitation was contagious, and in accents as tremulous as her own, Lucius attempted to say—'I can never cease to regret the pain I have caused you,'—but, interrupting him with a proud yet noble air, she exclaimed. 'Do not suppose that I seek to obtain from your compassion what I could not from your love. No! worlds would not tempt me now to receive you as a husband, and it is because I feel this assurance so strong within me, that I can thus speak to you; but I must learn from your own lips, and by that honour which you value above all things, if you have, knowingly and deliberately, trifled with a heart that trusted you?'

She paused as if for an answer, and Lucius, in a tone of deep seriousness, replied, 'With the same solemnity with which you have interrogated me, I can aver that I have not.'

'Then,' said she, 'I am satisfied. I can now tell you that the wound you have inflicted does not rankle. You have a generous soul--let it not be pained at the remembrance of Elise. She may have been deceived for a time, but she imputes not to you the intention to deceive. You were happy and grateful, and for a brief space she believed you loved her. The illusion is over; but there remains to her the consolation of your integrity, and one other reflection which she will not relinquish. Think you, that amidst all her reckless gaiety, and though she felt the stirrings of a noble spirit, a sympathy with all that was good and great, a power of loving and of intensely suffering for those she loved--think you, she could long forget the poison that lurked in her veins? She was not so simple--so ignorant, that the prejudices of society have proscribed her. These, and not you, have injured her. You have pitied her, and but for them might perhaps have loved her. It is not then, original, irremediable inferiority of nature which separates us. Oh! no. It is,' said she, covering her animated face with her beautiful hands, 'it is only this unfortunate complexion!'

For some moments she sat thus, while Lucius, unable to speak, could only gaze on her in pity and admiration; when, rising and taking his hand, 'Regard me, then,' said she, 'not as a mortified and resentful woman, but as an unhappy being, who knows, nevertheless, how to support the destiny allotted to her'—and with a gentle pressure of his hand she disappeared from the balcony so quickly, that Lucius, overwhelmed, had no power to arrest her."

Lucius returns home; and soon after, in consequence of the attack, made by the French on St. Domingo, Mr. de Breuile is induced to leave the island, with his daughters, and they arrive at the same American port, where Lucius resides. He discovers her, and a marriage is brought about by the merciful interference of friends. The story occupies seventy-seven pages.

Lionel; by Robert Morris.--If the author had not written in blank verse, he would have done better. It is so easy a style of writing, that men grow lazy and admit expressions, which sound well, but are apt to be faulty. Lionel is on the whole well done; but who would have thought of comparing a woman's finger to an icicle; especially, pointing to heaven? 'Raven hair' falling on 'polished shoulders,' was part of Haidee's attraction some time ago. Poetic imagery should strike with immediate conviction of truth; but a man who talks of the *laughing* brooks of summer, must have hunted for an epithet without feeling the force of any. Laughing brooks! why could he not be contented to see them *smile*?

The murderer's grave, Anonymous.--A well narrated Legend of a very probable occurrence. It shows the vindictiveness and true daring of the Indian character. Of such should the Legendary consist.

Musings, by W. G. Clark.—A very beautiful poem. We like such poetry as this--

Hast thou marked the course of a fresh blue stream,
In its light and shade, like a changeful dream?
When the opening buds on its side, would fling,
Their gift to the spring-gale's viewless wing?

And this:--

Thou wilt breathe love's sigh for a little while,
Thou wilt bask but a moment in pleasure's smile!
Above thee, will darken the clouds of fate,
And thy innocent heart will be desolate!
Thou wilt look with a mournful feeling, back,
On the wildwood buds in thy childhood's track--
On the wildwood hours of thine early glee—
Pure gulf! I am sad, as I gaze on thee!

The concluding line to the last stanza is a highly poetic break, and evinces good taste.

Leaves of a Collegier's Album; Anonymous.—A very refreshing article, truly, and full of humor and poetry—we have no doubt that Willis wrote it. The following is worthy of the Ettrick Shepherd.

"Have you ever read Undine, Tom? Did you conceive of a river of wondrous and perfect beauty? was it fringed with all manner of stooping trees, and kissed to the very lip by clover? Did it wind constantly in and out, as if both banks were enamoured of its flow, and enticed it from each other's bosom? was it hidden sometimes by thick masses of leaves meeting over it, and sometimes by the swelling of a velvet slope, that sent it rippling away into shadow? and did it steal out again like a happy child from a hiding place, and flash up to your eye, till you would have sworn it was living and intelligent? Did the banks lean away in a rich deep verdure, and were the meadows sloping beneath the light, like a bosom in a silk mantle? and when your ear had drank in the music of the running water, and the loveliness of colour, and form had unsettled the earthliness within you, did you believe in heart that a strip of Eden had been left unmarred by the angel? *To be continued.*

COMMUNICATION.

THEATRE.—The managers of our theatre, with all their *capital* stars, may be said to have failed in attracting the attention of the public. The theatre, with the exception of one or two nights, has presented a slim interior. No wonder--novelty is wanting, the performers are ordinary, and the orchestra a mere skeleton. The interior has undergone no change for the better, and the venerable drop-curtain, that relique of ancient days, with its thrice venerated catalogue of naval heroes, still stands above "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." Really, the managers must think the Baltimoreans mind nothing, when they expect them to take pills without making wry faces.

The actors generally have done all that lay in their power to give dignity to the drama, but they do not possess strength. Messrs. Flynn, Stone, Jefferson and Maywood, stand first among the gentlemen, and Mesdames Maywood, Anderson and Flynn, among the ladies. Mr. Maywood has appeared in several Scotch characters (in which he stands unrivalled,) and nothing has been taken from his well earned credit. We should like to see him in the character of Harvey Birch. Of Miss Fisher, we have but little to add to the many encomiums which have been showered upon her; she is a favourite in Baltimore, and it would be almost treason to say that we feel very much inclined to nap, whenever she attempts such characters as Rosalind, Letitia Hardy and Clari——but, "we have said it," and heaven preserve us from public vengeance. In the Invincibles, she was perfectly at home. DRAMATICUS.

POETRY.

The following beautiful verses were written by a young lady, the victim of consumption, who possessed the genuine spirit of poetry, and a character of extraordinary excellence. She was a long time resident in Baltimore. As we have several of her pieces in our possession—we shall occasionally publish one of them. They are full of fervid piety and poetic merit. ED.

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Cousin, canst thou bend to hear me?
Grace and glory round thee play,
Friendly spirit hover near me,
Guid and cheer my setting ray.

Cousin, now unveil'd thou'st seen me,
Didst thou think my heart so frail?
Think it would take so much to ween me
From this weedy, narrow vale?

Once thou sadst, our God did love me,
And would team me for the skies,
Much since then has passed to prove me;
Cousin, do I fall or rise?

I need thee not as mediator,
Yet 'tis sweet to think on thee,
Sweet to think the great Creator,
Smiles and blesses one like me.

Thou hast found thy little treasure,*
In his Saviour's bosom borne,
And confest a mother's pleasure,
Never on earth so fully known.

If thou may'st, oh! hover near me,
Help to cleanse my soul for heaven,
Cousin, come in dreams to cheer me,
Come and say I am forgiven. D.

*Her infant child who died shortly before.

FOR THE EMERALD.

By giving the enclosed lines an insertion in the Emerald, the editor will much oblige a subscriber. They have been in my possession a number of years; but who the authoress, I do not know. I first saw them in a Boston paper. Should they prove acceptable, it is possible that I may again trouble you with some of my selections. HERVEY.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

O'er this bleak world of pain and wo,
I turn my eyes, but oft in vain,
For one bright beam, one heartfelt glow,
But meet with sorrow, grief and pain—
Yet there's one ray beams from above,
Reflected by a sister's love.

'Tis this I prize, for this I live,
'Tis this that ever will endure,
'Tis what nought else on earth can give,
'Tis firm, unchangeable and sure,
'Tis that blest ray sent from above,
Reflected by a sister's love.

When friends prove false, who were most dear,
And love and hope alike decay,
O! what can then our spirit cheer,
Or light our dark and stormy way?
One blessing still on earth I'd prove,
If favoured with a sister's love.

A sister's love where'er I go,
Is still that tie the strongest, best,
One that endures through weal or wo,
And calms the troubled mind to rest.
O! while on earth I'm doomed to rove,
May I enjoy a sister's love.

FOR THE EMERALD.

TO MY SISTER.

Farewell!—dear Eliza, wherever I roam,
O'er the sands of the tropics, or snows of the pole,
My heart shall still yearn for the roses of home,
And thy cherished image be wrapt in my soul.

And, oh!—when the sunbeam of joy lights thy brow,
And the smile of contentment illumines thine eye;
One thought on the fate of thy brother bestow,
To gild the remembrance of pleasures gone by.

The morning of life was all sunshine to him,
No clouds then had darken'd a heaven so bright;
But his day-star of glory at noon-tide grew dim,
And he shrinks from the tempest that threatens his night.

But, oh!—let it pass, and be silent to thee,
The harp which is tuned by the spirit of sorrow;
Though the sky of to-day, dark and cheerless may be,
We may hail a bright beam on the dawn of the morrow.

I go far away to a warm southern clime, [glasses;
Where the laugh and the song add new flame to our
Where love steals the down from the pinions of time,
If he pays not a tribute as fleetly he passes.

And there—as I stray in a deep orange grove,
Or pluck the ripe fig from its dark-foliaged tree;
My spirit shall fly to the friends that I love,
My father, my mother, my brothers, and thee!

And I will forget my own sorrows to share
The pangs that perhaps, in thy young bosom dwell;
For cold were my heart, if it felt not a care
For the one that's enshrined in its kernel—farewell.

EUSTACE.

FOR THE EMERALD.

TO * * * * *.

BY MRS. GENEVIEVE J. FAIRFIELD.

Can smiles light up thy face no more?
Must sorrow bear thee to the tomb?
Then while I breathe on earth's cold shore,
Happy I'll live and share thy gloom.

Thy high pale brow, where genius glows,
Thy stainless heart that fears not guile,
Each, dearer than the first spring rose,
Glance o'er my heart like heaven's sweet smile.

Thou shalt not suffer wrong and hate
From those who scoffed and spurned thy name,
The powers above, that destine fate,
Thy cruel wrongs and woes proclaim.

Could I upbraid thee, dearest one!
'Twould be for trusting those who hate thee;
Yet gaze not thus on evil done
For perfect bliss on earth would sate thee.

Felons, who haunt thee and pursue,
Like fiends, thy lone and sinless way,
Cannot—oh, joy! cannot subdue
The soul whose blossoms round thee play.

Oh happiness! I knew thee well
As erst o'er thee my spirit floated
Thou wert to me a magic spell—
A glorious dream o'er which I doated.

Time cannot bring a change to blight
The love I long have borne for thee—
While back I gaze, with dear delight,
Or forward on the days to be!—

TO THE LADIES.

We request that some of our female readers will favor with a translation of the following euphonious melo It is a genuine article, we assure them, and was sung frequently by the Winnebagoes while in Baltimore. We will endeavour to procure the music arranged for the piano forte.—ED.

WINNEBAGO WAR SONG.

Tay-ho-rah-tshay,
Waun-kee-zhun-ay-zhay;
Korah-toy ho-rah-tshay,
Waun-kee-zhun-ay zhay;
Tay ho-rah-tshay,
Waun-kee-zhun-ay zhay,
Waun-k y-kee-hee;
Aun-tan-hoo-wee-ray,
Shan-ray-we-kau ray,
Tay ho-rah-tshay,--
Waun-kee-zhun-ay-shay,
Tay-waun-kee-zhun-ay zhay.

FASHIONABLE POETRY.

To the Editor of the Baltimore Emerald.

Stand I U R. D R sir,
An E D tor and poet;
So pray XQQ this DT, sir,
And 2 the Pple show it.

There R A kind of poets, whom
I PT, *that* I do, sir;
Their rhymes R LEgant, but O,
They make the mUU A goose, sir.

They each SA to make their ═══
Like N'thing but wit;
And. R! 2 look their stuff,
Would not B right A bit.

So I take shall 2 B
The critic of such ver CC;
> I I am sure I B,
But then there men EA worse is!

If Pple do *og*, 'tis right
That I man should ≈
Up their vile QPDT,
2 tear their lauL crown.

So let them mind their PP and QQ,
take And no more
2 TT the Pple with their rhymes,
For 'tis V right bore!

ANY
A MOUS

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is sure a matter of more worth
Than to be subject for attorneyship;
For what is wedlock forced but hell,
An age of discord and continual strife!
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a patern of celestial peace. *Shakspeare*

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TH

AND

VOL. II.

ORIGIN

FOR THE E

THE RIVAL HARPS

BY THE WANDERER

—

"O swear not by the moo
That monthly changes in
Lest that thy love prove

—

Many a dreary hour had tl
ed since Henrich, obedient t
country, flew to participate i
walden. Wedded to grief, l
tude, and her nights in tea
ceased to speak her feelings,
rich was not near to listen t
he felt its magic influence ov
glected it stood, the sport of tl
through the silvery treble, or
When her taper fingers did
not tremble with that fond d
in other hours; but breathed

Come take the gentle
I'll lean it on my b
Perhaps my lips may
And all my fears b
Where yonder palm i
And spreads it to tl
I'll strew for him a be
Of jessamine, I'll

Come then, my harp-
Death long hath ch
Oh! breathe thy won
And give thy song
He soon will listen t
And kiss away the
Returning, lull to gen
My heart, with all

A month of anxiety and s
still Henrich returned not.
sient agony of Josephine,
him, for he dared not inforn
that had arrived. A youth
pass of Underwalden, brou
rich's death; he said he sav
battle, contending bravely fo
The old sire heard it with t
to know that his son had s
couch of honour, won by v
One evening while Jose
upon her mute harp, wingi
happier days, the old mo
Josephine—my daughter—s
ly. The roses are fled fro
are dim and red with wee
ing for the worst. Henric
—he fell in the battle
back—he died like a tr
The words of the aged m
in the heart of the youn
every vein, but summoning